

The Daily Herald.

VOL. 1.

BROWNSVILLE, CAMERON COUNTY, TEXAS SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 3, 1892.

NO. 132.

CARDS.

E. H. GOODRICH.

C. H. MARIS.

GOODRICH & MARIS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

DEALERS IN REAL ESTATE
Complete Abstracts of Cameron

County Kept In The Office.

BROWNSVILLE, TEX.

JNO. I. KLEIBER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office over First National Bank
Brownsville, Texas.

Will practice in any of the
courts of the State when specially
employed.

W. H. MASON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE Corner Levee and Elev-
enth Street.

BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.

A. S. THURMOND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
and General Land Agent,

VICTORIA, TEXAS.

J. R. MONROE.

A. G. STERNE.

MONROE & STERNE,

Attorneys at Law.

RIO GRANDE CITY, TEX.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

\$—o) OF (o—\$

BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.

CAPITAL \$50,000.

G. M. RAPHAEL, WM. KELLY.

President Vice-Pres.

J. D. ANDERSON, Cashier.

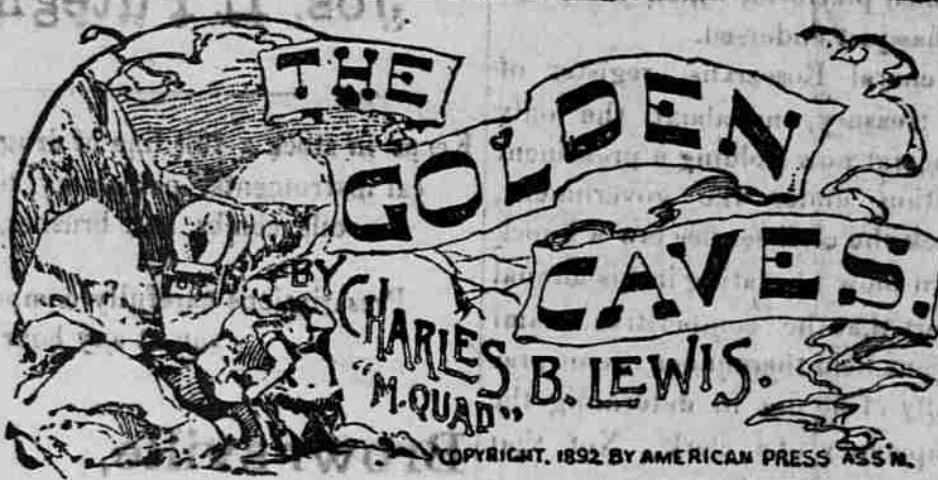
DIRECTORS:

G. M. Raphael, Wm. Kelly,

Robert Dalzell, M. B. Kingsbury,

Emile Kleiber, J. D. Anderson.

Collections on all points promptly
made and remitted. Bills of exchange
drawn direct on all principal cities
throughout the world.



CHAPTER XIX.



"Great heavens, but what is that?"

The Indians were in truth looking for the wagons. Both parties had a narrow escape. Their presence in the valley had been detected by scout or stroller and information carried to some point from which a war party of seventy had been dispatched to surprise and annihilate them. This party had come in by one of the narrow valleys and found the camp abandoned. The severe storm had obliterated all traces, and the Indians had gone up the valley to pick up the trail. As they returned they were riding at a slower pace, and were spread out the width of the valley.

Would they look into the mouth of the canyon?

The query was answered five minutes later. Three warriors turned their ponies to the right and rode in to within ten feet of the stone wall. They rode its entire length and halted in the gap and looked up the canyon.

The men were lying flat down on the earth, each clutching his rifle, and horses and wagons were just around the bend.

Could it escape the Indians that the wall was artificial? Must not their sharp eyes detect the figures hugging the earth? It did not seem that the gold hunters had one show in a thousand to escape detection, and yet they were not detected. After a halt of not more than a minute, though it seemed a quarter of an hour to each man, the trio of redskins passed on and the moment of peril was passed.

A bit of natural philosophy stood between the gold hunters and discovery. The Indians had turned into the gloom and shadow from the bright sunshine, and their vision was shortsighted and uncertain. Had they waited a little longer they must have seen something or other to arouse their suspicions, but they seemed impatient to get on.

"Thank God!" whispered more than one man as the horses were heard moving away.

In half an hour the gold hunters dared exult and plan. Two men were left at the wall as lookouts, three or four others were held as a reserve at the camp, and the captain, Harkins and Joe set out up the canyon to search for the cave of gold. When the darkness became so intense as to interfere with their progress they lighted torches and a thorough inspection was made of both walls.

The canyon extended into the mountain for a full mile, winding and turning, and long enough before it ended the pine trees met above it and prevented a single ray of light from descending. Nothing answering the description of the dying hunter could be found. He had said, as Harkins understood, "five miles to the right of the peak." Here was the spot. He had described the mouth of the canyon and everything here bore out the description. He said that Bridger went up the canyon about a mile and then turned into a smaller one running to the left.

There was no such canyon. The left bank was solid rock and earth from the wagons to the spot where the great rift stopped short at a flinty wall a thousand feet high. The mighty wrath had split the mountain thus far, but it could go no farther.

Three times the men traveled from the camp to the end of the canyon, and then all were certain that Harkins had been mistaken. They sat down on a

bowlder in the bed of the canyon to rest and discuss the matter, while the single torch, secured in a cleft, hardly allowed them to see each other's faces.

"Well, we have no right to complain, as we have lost nothing," said the captain. "Indeed, if we had not slipped in here not a man of us would now be wearing his scalp."

"Wasn't the old man flighty in his last hour?" asked Joe of Harkins, who seemed much cast down.

"He gave no evidence of it; on the contrary, his mind seemed wonderfully clear to the last."

"Perhaps he said to the left instead of the right of Custer's peak," suggested the captain.

"No, I am sure he said to the right, but he may have meant the left."

"It's no use crying over spilt milk,"

laughed the captain.

"If we have lost the cave we have saved our scalps. I'm inclined to think the old man mispoke himself. I believe those renegades gave this place a thorough looking over and are now in the canyon below, if there is a canyon there. If the cave is there they have got the gold ere this, and that ends it."

Harkins sat with bowed head. He had felt so sure that old Saunders told the truth that he hated to give up the search. There was deep silence for a moment, broken by a whisper from Joe, "Great heavens, but what is that!"

They were near the wall which formed the end of the canyon. All raised their heads and looked into the darkness and saw a faint light shining out like a star. At the same moment their ears caught the sound of many voices chanting in low tones, and a strange, weird music filled the heavy air.

"Hush—sit still!" whispered the captain as Harkins seemed about to spring up.

Then from the face of the solid rock issued forth a strange procession of strange shadows—shadows which moved in double file right past the trio down into the blackness of the canyon toward the wagons. The one who led the procession carried what looked like a banner. Behind him was one who seemed to carry an urn. Then came four shadows which bore a bier, and these who came after had their faces upturned and were wailing and chanting.

The men saw and heard and realized, but were chilled and powerless to move. Can the dead come back to earth? Do the ghosts of those who have gone before gather in the shadows and the darkness and hold reunions?

Chant! Chant! Chant!

Out from the solid wall—a wall in which the sharp eyes of the gold hunters had failed to detect a crevice large enough to conceal a squirrel—poured the strange, queer specters, and down into the darkness marched the procession.

March! March! March!

Their feet kept time to the wild, weird chant, but not the sound of a footfall came to the ears of the living. Each ghostly figure stood out separate and distinct, but not a face could be seen.

"We are doomed men!" groaned Harkins, as he covered his face with his hands to shut out the sight.

"Aye! We shall never leave this spot alive!" added Joe.

"Hush, men!" whispered the captain as he raised his hand. "They are dead, true enough, but they are the dead of a thousand years ago—of the cave dwellers and the Aztecs. I have seen them twice before, and they brought no bad luck. Here they come on the other side!"

The three were seated on a rock in the center of the rift. The head of the spectral procession had gone down the canyon several hundred feet and then turned to come back on their left, passing them again within a few feet.

March! March! March!

Soft and low and sweet came the notes—like the murmur of the August breeze in a forest pine. A feeling of awe was crowded out of the hearts of the living, and a feeling of sadness and reverence crept in.

It was the dead burying its dead!

March! March! March! Never the echo of a footfall, never the touch of skeleton foot to the flinty rock. The ear caught no sound but that of the ghostly voices chanting in unison.

And of a sudden he who headed the spectral procession swerved to the left and disappeared into the solid wall and was followed by the long lines until the last had been swallowed up and lost sight of. And then, as silence and darkness reigned again, the captain said: "Men, we have a treasure here. Examine that wall and you will find an opening to a cave behind it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Woman for Poet Laureate.

Why not a woman laureate to a woman sovereign? There is a world of fitness in the combination of ideas. Still it is not probable that the laureate's crown will ever grace the brow of a woman. When Wordsworth died a suggestion arose that the supreme honor conferred by the state upon its sweetest singer should be bestowed on Mrs. Browning, then in the meridian of her powers. The innovation was then not deemed admissible, though Mrs. Browning's genius was appreciated and honored, and among her successors none has received the gift of song with the sweetness and breadth that characterized her power.

Frances Willard suggests Jean Ingelow as worthy the honor, and adds, with the crisp terseness characteristic of her remarks, "Before anybody lifts the chin in ridicule let the eyes be lowered over an edition of Jean Ingelow's poetical works for half a day."—New York Sun.

The Women of Japan.

Women—that is, young women—are deteriorating in Japan. They are being westernized. It is asserted that, on the plea of tediousness and artificiality, the usages of female life and deportment have one after another been dispensed with, and the modern girl, in her attempts to imitate foreign manners, has almost transformed herself into a man. The abuse referred to has reached its climax in the case of the girls who have been trained in the Tokio female schools. Practices hitherto unknown in Japan have become fashionable among them. To note a few—there are girls of good families living alone in lodging houses; others walk unattended in the streets after dark, and groups of five or six school pupils are to be seen drinking sake or playing cards together at tea-houses. The native journal asks what kind of mothers such girls are likely to make.—Tokio Letter.

Glasgow's Woman College.

Queen Margaret college, which began its existence in 1877 as an association for the higher education of women, and later was incorporated as a woman's college, has become a part of the University of Glasgow. The council of the college has handed over to the university the government, the endowments and the buildings of the college on condition that the buildings, etc., are to be reserved for the exclusive education of women, and the college to become incorporated with the university as a woman's department of the same.

This offer the university has accepted, under the provisions of the act of the universities' commissioners empowering the courts of the several universities of Scotland to admit women to graduation, and to provide for their education either in mixed classes of men and women or in separate classes.—Glasgow Letter.

Some novelties in stationery are in a riot of color. Terra cotta and turquoise blue are shown, and pink embossed with wild roses. A coffee colored sheet is lined with violet, and a deep crushed strawberry opens to show pale old rose.

Two American girls who are studying art to good advantage in Rome, whose work will be seen at the exposition, are Luella Varney and Adelaide Johnson.

According to Julian Ralph, the young business woman of energy and ability finds better openings for talent in the west than elsewhere.

To be absolutely correct, a mother should ask a man to call. In this country it is not the custom for men to ask permission to call.

Common sense, tact, bright conversational powers, a good heart, and behold! the very creature every man wants for his wife.

The Borden Murder.

The Borden murder mystery at Fall River Mass., may never be unraveled. Public opinion seems to be settling down to the conclusion that Borden, the daughter of the murdered man, is innocent of the crime and is quite likely now that the grand jury will not find a bill against her. She has been imprisoned for several months on the charge of murder but has been given comfortable quarters and has been treated with courtesy and consideration. There was a howl raised about this some time ago, when it was thought by some people that the prisoner should be confined in a cell and treated as if she had already been tried and convicted. Her innocence will never be thoroughly established until guilt has been fastened upon the real murderer.—Houston Post.

Rev. Dr. J. M. Scott.

Washington, Nov. 29.—Dr. John Witherspoon Scott, D. D., father-in-law of President Harrison died at 4:10 p. m. today, in the ninety-third year of his age. He had been ailing some time. He was born in Beaver county, Pa., June 22, 1800. He was a minister of the Presbyterian church.

Brief religious services over the remains will be held in the east room of the white house at 3 o'clock Thursday afternoon. During the afternoon or evening the body will be conveyed to the Pennsylvania depot and placed on a train and taken to Washington, Pa., where the interment will be made.

The Bridegroom Non Est.

Jackson, Miss., November 29.—Miss Dought Jones and Mr. James H. McAlpine of Rankin county were to have been married in church in Rankin county on Sunday evening. The marriage had been announced from the pulpit in the morning, and in the evening the church was crowded to witness the ceremony, but the bridegroom-elect failed to show up, and in consequence, after search for him, the would be bride and friends were compelled to announce the situation to the congregation.

All Sorts.

At the present moment the police system in all its branches costs England close upon \$20,000,000 a year.

A 14 year-old wife has recently been granted a divorce from a 50-year-old husband at Victoria, B. C. Serves them right.

In Witu, East Africa, they are making sugar from cotton seed, which is fifteen times sweeter than sugar made from cane.

The manuscript of Edgar Allen Poe's "Tale of the Ragged Mountains" was sold in New York at auction on Wednesday for \$295.

The United States now holds twenty-one law firms made up of husband and wife. In addition to these there are at least 108 American women who practice law in the courts or publish legal documents.